From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward *France*,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your fathers leave? what ſayes *Polonius*?
Polo. He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my ſlow leave,
By labourſome petition; and at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I doe beſeech you give him leave to goe.
King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces; ſpend it at thy will.
But now my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſonne.
Ham. A little more than kin, and leſſe than kind.
King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the ſonne.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*.
Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seeke for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt 'tis common all that lives muſt dye,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.
Ham. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be,
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not ſeems,
'Tis not alone my inkie cloke could ſmother,
Nor cuſtomary ſutes of ſolemne blacke,
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forc't breath,
No, nor the fruitfull river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all formes, moods, ſhapes of griefe,
That can denote me truely; theſe indeed ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which paſſes ſhew,
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.
King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father.

But